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"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

On the way to the war department the following morning he was puzzling over the affair, Kellerman's presence in Mrs. Kenson's house, and Kellerman's possible connection with Hartley, who watched Eleanor.

He could not arrive at any but the most fantastic solutions.

Kellerman welcomed him with his usual suavity. They carried up the papers from the safe; then Kellerman called Mark into his own office.

"About last night Wallace—" he began. "Of course you acted all right, as you understood the situation, but there was a good deal that you did not understand. That man you took home to your rooms is a sort of international stool pigeon, if I can coin the phrase. Quite despicable—the one-time gentleman who has lost his honor; and dangerous, because he knows things that nobody would credit him with knowing. I suppose you wonder what I was doing in Mrs. Kenson's place?"

"Not at all, Major Kellerman."

"My dear Wallace," said Kellerman, laying a hand on Mark's shoulder, "I want to give you a piece of advice. This is quite apart from our work here. I don't think your qualities are adapted to headquarters work. Go back to your battalion—or, rather, take advantage of your friends in Washington to secure a good post"—emphasized the adjective—"in regimental work."

And as Mark looked at him in stupefaction, Kellerman added coolly:

"I am not speaking officially, my dear Wallace. Take the suggestion as a friendly one. If I can make it a little clearer to you, your presence in Washington is inconvenient to me for personal reasons. I think you will appreciate the reasons—the reason, rather.

The man's insolence was maddening. Mark's impulse was to dash his fists into his face. But discipline told.

"If the brigadier"—he began.

"Oh, my dear Wallace, pray forget what I have said to you," retorted Kellerman. "It was purely a piece of personal advice, dictated by consideration for your interest. It has nothing to do with the brigadier."

Mark saluted stiffly and went away. He sat down at his desk, fuming. Of course Kellerman had referred to Eleanor; and it suddenly occurred to Mark that Kellerman might have made a good deal of headway during his absence.

He worked hard, to avoid thinking. It was another sweltering day. In spite of the circular fan the heat in the office was stiffling. The sound of the clerks' typewriters outside was a brain-wearying racket.

Mark and Colonel Howard occupied a small room at the end of the corridor; the clerks' room was without, between the two, accessible from each, was Kellerman's office, which communicate, in turn, with the brigadier's.

Colonel Howard came in after a while, and they went over their plans together. They were engaged on a complicated piece of work, involving tonnage ad computations of cubic feet of space for cargoes. There had been an error somewhere, and Mark was trying hard to discover it when the brigadier came in in his usual trascible manner.

"How long will that job take, Howard?" he asked.

"Wallace will have it finished by noon, sir," answered the colonel.

The brigadier waved Mark to his seat impatiently. "Bring it right in to me as soon as you have the figures, please," he said. "I'll wait for it. Sure you can be through by noon?"

"I'm sure, sir," answered Mark, who was hot on the train of the error.

The brigadier withdrew, taking the colonel with him for a conference. Mark worked steadily. The omission was found, the computations were balancing. A clerk knocked at the door.

"What is it?" asked Mark impatiently.

"A man to see you, sir. He says his name's Hartley. Shall I show him in?"

"Good Lord, no! I'll see him in the waiting room," answered Mark.

He locked the office door, went through the clerks' room and into the anteroom. Hartley was standing beside the window. He looked up sheepishly as Mark entered.

"Well?" asked Mark crisply.

Hartley grinned. "I didn't take the cups or the picture, Captain Wallace," he said.

"Well, what about it? What can I do for you?"

"Why, I—I wanted to tell you as much, Captain Wallace, I've sunk low, but not to theft. Only I didn't feel I could stay."

"Good Lord, man, is that all you have come to tell me?"

"Well, you see—there was something else but—" stammered Hartley.

"Out with it, then!"

"I wanted to thank you for what you did for me, and—"

The man seemed to be trying to spin out the interview for some indefinite purpose. Mark turned on his heel. His temper was not of the best just then, and Hartley was the last man in the world whom he wanted to see.

"All right," he answered. "Steer clear of that woman—of Mrs. Kenson, Hartley. It's evident that she doesn't reciprocate your feelings, or whatever they are, and she seems to have some dangerous friends about her."

He relented suddenly, and, going forward, clapped the man on the shoulder.

"I guess you've had your troubles, Hartley," he said. "But pull yourself together, man."

The sheepish, unmanly mask dropped from Hartley's face. He caught Mark's hand impulsively.

"I'm a cur, Captain Wallace!" he cried. "I—I—"

"That's all right, Hartly. But, by the way, who told you my name?"

"Captain Wallace, don't ask me that! Go back! Never mind me! Go back into your office at once!" cried Hartley.

He broke past Mark with a sudden, spasmodic movement, gained the door, and ran down the corridor. Mark looked after him in stupefication. Hartley had not been drunk, and his presence there had seemed purposeless. Suddenly, with an intuition of danger, he hurried through the clerks' office, unlocked his door, and entered.

The room was filled with a furious gust of wind. The mobilization papers were whirling on his desk in front of the open window.

The circular fan, which had been distributing a gentle breeze impartially from side to side, now poured its current of air immediately upon Mark's desk. The rotary movement had been stopped, and it had been set to maximum speed.

And this was not the small fan customarily in use in the little office, but a large one from the clerk's room.

When Mark had left to interview Hartley, he had seen Kellerman at work through the glass door that connected their two offices. Now Kellerman's desk was vacant.

Mark slammed down the window; there were two locks, and Mark and Kellerman had each a key. Nobody could have entered.

But Mark was positive that Kellerman had set the fan. It stood on a shelf against the partition. Looking up, Mark saw that there was a tiny hole immediately behind it, large enough to permit an inserted wire to push back the lever that controlled the rotary apparatus. Yet this might have been nothing but a wormhole in the wood framework of the door.

With a gasp of rage Mark hastily stopped the fan and ran back to his desk. He began collecting the papers. They had blown hither and thither; some had fallen behind the desk, some on the radiator. The floor was littered with them.

Had any gone out of the window?

There should have been two hundred and nine. There was nothing to do but count them. Mark began, but his fingers trembled so that he could hardly turn the pages.

In the very middle of this task the door clicked; the brigadier and Colonel Howard entered.

"Well, Wallace, finished, I hope?" asked the brigadier with the cordiality of one who has been refreshed by a good dinner. "Let me see!"

Mark turned the leaves nervelessly, while the brigadier and Howard stood silently beside him. He felt the desperation of his mood communicating itself to them. He felt their looks of surprise.

He reached the end. He had counted exactly two hundred. That might have been an error. But the paper was not there.

He looked up to see the brigadier peering into his face with an extraordinary expression. He heard himself stammering, fumbling for words; he stopped.

Colonel Howard sprang forward and caught him by the shoulder. "Wallace, my dear fellow, pull yourself together!" he was pleading. "What's that you're saying? Blown out of the window? It's the heat, sir. He's been overdoing it!"

"Very possibly," said the brigadier caustically. "Pray have a look, then, Howard. Take your time."

Mark was searching again. He stopped as they came to the last paper, which was now the two hundred and third.

"It's no use, Colonel Howard," he cried. "It has gone out of the window. I was called out. When I came back the fan was turned on my desk and the papers were blowing about the room. Somebody—perhaps the mechanism slipped. I don't know. I'm tired—my God, how tired I am!"

The colonel was pushing him into a chair. He heard the storming voice of the brigadier a long distance away. Howard was expostulating. They were going through the papers again. A clerk had been called in. Mark heard something about searching the streets. Somebody was telephoning. And, above all, he was conscious of Kellerman in the next room, long before he opened the glass door and entered.

He was alone, and struggling back into the realization of his situation. Kellerman's threat and his refusal to consider it, the visit of Hartley, began to link themselves into the chain of the devilish conspiracy. He rose unsteadily to his feet, wiped the sweat from his forehead. Colonel Howard was coming through the open doorway from Kellerman's room.

"Sit down, Wallace," he said gravely. "I've been talking to the brigadier, or, rather, he has been talking to me. You must consider yourself under arrest in your quarters. Now, how did this damned thing happen?"

Mark explained as lamely as one who had heard excuses of all kinds from soldiers brought before him for various offenses during his term of service, and waved them aside. Excuses were worse than useless. He tried simply to explain. And to mention his suspicion of Kellerman would have been damning, nor could he have brought himself to such a thing in any event.

"You know what this means, Wallace?" asked the colonel in a kindly, serious tone.

"New plans."

"Yes, but to you?"

"I guess so, Colonel Howard. And I'd like to hurry it through. Of course I shall want it over. I'll go home now, and—"

"Stop!" Colonel Howard's challenge had a triumphal ring to it. He placed his hands on Mark's shoulders and swung him round, looking straight into his eyes. "Thank God for that, Mark!" he cried. "I fought the brigadier over you, and I'll fight him to the end of time. I told him it was a dammed lie. I'll swear to it."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That you are a frequenter of gambling houses, Wallace. That's the story that they have been putting over on him. You know whom I mean by 'they.' Washington's swimming with that crooked gang, and that story—well, they managed to start that in circulation and saw that it reached the brigadier's ears. He heard that you were in a fight outside Mrs. Kenson's place in the small hours this morning. Mark, I'll see you through this. I'll pull you through, and I stake my commission on it. He'll have to produce them. I'll tell him what I've told him, lamely, before, that I've known you since you first put on Uncle Sam's uniform, and that you're the straightest, cleanest, whitest man I know. Wait for me!"

Impulsively the kindly old man started toward the door. He had almost reached it when Wallace found his tongue.

"Stop!"

The colonel halted, one hand still outstretched toward the door. "Eh, my boy?" he asked.

"One moment, sir! I cannot let you go to the brigadier. I have never been inside a gambling house in my life, but I was outside Mrs. Kenson's place last night."

A sudden feebleness seemed to come over the colonel. He came back toward Mark slowly, staring at him as if he had not understood.

"Tell me about it, Wallace. Tell me why? You went there? You know her then? Don't you know that she's—"

"I know nothing about her, sir. I merely ask you not to go to the brigadier. I shall proceed to my quarters."

"Is that all you have to say, Mark? Is that all, Wallace? You owe me a little more than that, don't you? Why were you there?"

The old man's real concern had almost penetrated Mark's armor of reserve. Yet, even as Mark half yielded, the impossibility of an explanation reasserted itself. How could he say that he had followed the man who watched Eleanor? How drag her in, with the forgotten past?

"I have no more to add now, sir," he answered coldly.

"You understand there will be a court-martial?"

"Naturally, sir."

"But not inevitably," stormed Howard, suddenly losing all self-control at Mark's ingratitude. "I presume you won't find it necessary to rake this over? I was charged to tell you that if you will send in your resignation it will be accepted. That might be better for all concerned. The war department hasn't much superfluous time on its hands to wash its dirty linen. We want to get ahead. We want to forget this. I think if you will send in your resignation—"

"You shall have it tonight, sir." Mark walked toward the door of the clerk's room. Colonel Howard, standing in the middle of the door, watched him. Mark unlocked the door and tossed the keys upon his desk.

"Mark!"

The cry was almost of anguish. It came straight from the old man's heart. And because Mark recognized this, and was hardly able to control himself, he closed the door hastily behind him, went through the clerk's room and into the corridor, and down into the street.

(To Be Continued.)

Escaped From German Prison.—In escaping from a German military prison, Lieutenant Roland G. Garros and Lieutenant Antoine Marchal, the two celebrated French aviators, repeated the exploit of the famous German "Captain Koepenick." After having been twice caught and punished for attempting to "take French leave," Garros and Marchal recalled how gullible the people and soldiers proved themselves in the case of the shoemaker Voight who under the name of "Captain Koepenick" and in an officer's uniform laid everything under contribution and was saluted and honored as only a German military officer could be.

So they made French blue horizon cloth uniforms resembling as closely as possible those of German officers. When they were finished all they had to do was to simply walk out of their prison, out of the camp and out of the town, saluted on every hand by sentinels, soldiers off duty and civilians.

Once clear of the town they doffed the uniforms and made their way to the frontier of Holland by rail quite comfortable. Their greatest difficulty was in crossing the line. It took them three days during which they crept on hands and knees backward and forward alternately, dodging sentinels.

More Troops Needed.—Formal announcement that American troops were sent to reinforce the Allied armies and have taken part in the fighting was made by the war department in the weekly review of the situation Monday.

"American units are in action east of Amiens," says the statement. "During the engagements which raged in this area they have acquitted themselves well."

The review in emphasizing the need of fresh men to withstand the German onslaught, adds that America's imperative duty is to provide for the replacements of units for the French front "in addition to those already called to the colors and those in training at cantonments or already selected for service, very large quotas will be required in the immediate future to fill the gaps."

In this connection the review points out that "the enemy is seeking a decision that will end the war and the outcome of the present operations depend upon man-power."

The review mentions an attack on the American positions at Seichoprey northwest of Toul. Here on April 21 the Germans swept over the American lines on a front of three kilometres, but subsequently gave up the ground occupied.

SOLDIERS WITH THE CLICK

Men Who Hated Discipline Now Learn To Love It.

NO SLACKERS IN THE THIRTIETH

Boy With Bright's Disease Afraid He Will Be Deprived Of The Chance To Go Abroad—Officer Who Lost His Commission Enlists As A Private.

(Passed by the Censor.)

Correspondence The Yorkville Enquirer

Camp Sevier, April 26.—The next time you visit Camp Sevier or any of the other numerous military camps over the country and hear soldiers using words absolutely foreign to you in their conversation, you will be educated somewhat after a perusal of these words and phrases of soldier slang and military abbreviations that I am going to write here. The soldier's vocabulary of slang includes hundreds upon hundreds of words and phrases and maybe if I remained in the soldiering game all my alloted three score and ten I might become well versed therein myself. But here are a few of the most common ones that are used daily millions of times at Camp Sevier:

"The Skipper,"—the captain of a company or battery.

"Brown Betty,"—Army pudding served in every organization at least once a week and quite often twice. It's made of the bread left over from supper or breakfast with a handful of raisins and a little sugar thrown into it. Good, too after a hard morning's puttin' out.

"Puttin' out"—working hard, busier than usual and "usual" means some busy in these war times at Camp Sevier.

AWOL—Absent from camp without leave.

"Takin' distance"—To go AWOL.

"Chow"—Army food.

"The top"—The first sergeant of an organization, the hardest job and yet the most coveted place in any company.

"A crumb"—A dirty soldier. It's a sure fight for one soldier to call another a "crumb," unless he really is.

"Concrete"—A term used by soldiers in referring to some superior commissioned or non-commissioned officer whom they regard as exceptionally stern and strict. It has been my observation during my seven month's army service that the best officers are as a rule "concrete."

"SOL"—Soldier out of Luck. If a soldier happens to be without funds, or refused permission to leave camp or is hurt or killed or meets with any misfortune, in referring to it, his mates always say: "He's just SOL."

"The Jug"—The stockade or military jail.

"Shave Tail"—A second lieutenant. The term is hardly ever used except by bucks and only by them when they are sure they are absolutely safe.

"Buck"—A private soldier.

"AR"—Army Regulations, the law of the army.

"The Creek"—The Atlantic ocean.

"Fritz"—A German soldier or the German army.

"The Fuzzy Guy"—A general.

"A suicide"—An enlisted man who belongs to a machine gun company.

"B Class"—Confined to the company street because of some breach of discipline.

"Rabbit hunters"—Issue leggins.

"Pig Iron"—A rifle.

As I said a moment ago, there are hundreds of these slang words and phrases in use among soldiers over the country and the vocabulary will be greatly increased after slight association with the English, the French, the Italians, the Belgians and the other Allies over the creek.

Arthur Brisbane of the Washington Times wrote a wonderfully sound article a few days ago on "discipline," in which he undertook to show that thorough discipline was absolutely necessary to that success in battle for which we are all working. After six months or more here in training there is not a soldier who does not thoroughly understand the truth and logic of this proposition and the fact that they do thoroughly understand it has done more to bring about discipline in the Old Hickory Division than all the punishments that have been imposed because of lack of discipline on the part of soldiers, though fear of punishment and punishment itself has done wonders.

A famous British army officer delivered a lecture at Camp Sevier several weeks ago on the subject of discipline, and that lecture has had a wonderful influence in promoting discipline here since it was delivered to hundreds of officers and non-commissioned officers who have put into practice his ideas, or rather his knowledge, of the subject.

In explaining the origin of the salute and the reason therefore he went on to say in mediaeval days when one knight met another he would lower the visor of his helmet and thus expose his face as a salute in token of the fact that he, a free man, saluted a free man. The custom has gone down the centuries among the military, the symbol of military brotherhood. It is natural that the enlisted soldier should salute an officer first because of seniority. He went on to say that instant obedience to the orders of an officer was necessary, because officers were the brains which must control the body and every part thereof. He referred to the necessity of cleanliness of person and clothes among enlisted men, because of the disciplinary effect and told his hearers that bright buttons and clean uniforms and clean skins were as much a part of the life of the trenches as were guns and bullets and blood.

It was a wonderfully clear and logical lecture and the major of at least one battalion here was so struck with it that he required every commissioned officer of his command to submit a written report of it to him in order that he might judge just how much of it those officers had.

In his lecture, the Britisher made reference several times to "the click," meaning snap and quickness and accuracy and promptness. While his lecture is not altogether responsible for it, "the click" has developed momentum throughout the division since that time. I never heard the expression "the click," until that splendid address was delivered. Now every officer and non-com uses it and believe me, every buck and higher-up, too, who hasn't the click when he is puttin' out on the battlefields of Europe, will just be SOL. Fritz has it. The Britisher said so.

A corporal in a line company at Camp Sevier was sentenced to the jug a few weeks ago because he refused to march at double time when his commanding officer ordered him so to do. He didn't have the click. He will have it when he gets out. That's cruel and unreasonable, did you say? Well, it's a cruel game we are engaged in and we can't win unless we give perfect support and co-operation to those selected to lead in the game—from Mr. Wilson on down through the corporals. If that corporal had gotten away with his insubordination, other corporals would calculate that they could do likewise. The thing would spread unt!! hardly anybody would have the "click," and all of us would be SOL.

There is something attractive about this army life. Most of we drafted men didn't like it at first; but there are few among us who would get out if we could now that we know a good many of the ins and outs of it and now that we have a clearer conception of the meaning of it all and a keener understanding of the necessity of it all. I know a lad who could get a discharge any time he might make application for it because he is slowly dying with Bright's disease. But he won't apply. "I wouldn't be out of this for anything," he has told me often when I used to slip into his tent late at night to talk over the happenings of the day with him. "I am afraid they are going to discover my condition some of these days," he would tell me occasionally, "and slip me out of the army instead of into the trenches. Nobody is looking to me for anything, nobody is dependent upon me for support. A man on the qutside who hasn't close relatives dependent upon his support, isn't a man. I'd be miserable out there." And then on more than one occasion as he has finished a speech like that, I've seen him seized with a pain across his back that would gather him into a knot, and a space of five minutes occasionally elapse before he recovered, while a drop of blood would issue from his mouth caused by biting his lips to keep from crying with pain. I've seen pains strike him on the drill field or on a march and it would seem that the torture was greater than he could possibly bear and he must give up.

I know a lad who is suffering with flat-feet, the arches of both being completely broken down. He is very much afraid that he is going to be thrown out, or at least not permitted to go across with his company. It would break his heart if such were to happen.

A mate, knowing how worried he was about it all and how anxious he was to go, suggested the other day in a half jocular way to him that he didn't understand him at all, he couldn't see why he should want to go to the front and suffer considerable hardship and in all probability death, when he had a good chance to get out of it all quite honorably.

"You are a blankety, blank fool," retorted he of the broken feet. "Think a man who has been puttin' out for the last seven months like I have been doing wants to miss a place in the sun. I ain't strong on education like some of you guys and I don't know exactly what all this fight is about, 'ceptin that we are right and that every young man who can be in it is here or is going to be here and over too. Out of it? Why by-gosh I am going over with the rest of you bucks if I have to have my blamed old feet cut off and wear stilts or ride a horse, which is worse."

Do you still doubt my statement that those who are in it are proud to be in it and wouldn't be out until Fritz is SOL? Here's another incident corroborative of my assertion.

There is, or rather there was, a very popular young officer in the Thirtieth who recently lost his commission and who promptly enlisted in the same branch of service from which he lost his commission.

But like Achilles of old, he didn't sulk in his tent. History that relates of the smallness and narrowness of certain American officers in the war of the Revolution and the Civil war because of personal interest, didn't repeat itself in this officer's case at least.

He wore civilian clothes for a week or so after his resignation. He never told me, but I imagine that week or so was as a hundred years.

Then he quietly enlisted in that branch of service here in which he formerly was high and influential.

He did it simply and quietly. He is a buck private now.

I didn't hear him say it. In fact I don't know him personally but only by sight, but I understand he remarked to a friend the other day: "I would rather be in hell than out of the army in this great crisis."

Whether he said it or not, he feels that way about it.

So does every other red blooded soldier.

That is the "click."

Jas. D. Grist.

Worth 92 Cents an Hour in Garden.—One large manufacturing concern in Ohio provided gardens for its employees in 1917, and required them to keep an accurate record of the time spent working the gardens and the value of the crop grown.

At the end of the season the results showed that the gardeners had received 92 cents an hour for their spare time spent in the gardens.

Another large manufacturing concern in Illinois plowed up a prize 40-acre alfalfa field and divided it into garden plots for the use of its employees. The results obtained from this garden plot far exceeded the expectations of both the company and its employees.

Manufacturers all over the country are providing gardens for their employees this year, according to report to the United States department of agriculture.

AMERICANS TAKE PART

Helping to Hold Road Between Aimes and Paris.

DIGGING IN UNDER HEAVY FIRE

Boys Having Trouble To Get Their Rations; But Take Hardships And Dangers Alike With High Spirits And Await Their Turn To Prove The Stuff Of Which They Are Made.

The dispatch below is from Lincoln Eyre, a special correspondent of the New York World, who accompanied the American troops from their cantonments in the south to the plains of Picardy to help hold the Germans back in their objectives toward Paris and the Channel ports. The dispatch was dated from the "United States Infantry Battle Front," in Northern France on April 28, and it is claimed to be the first special story to come through to an American newspaper.

For several days the American expeditionary forces have been playing an active part in the most momentous battle of the ages.

In the positions assigned to our contingent by Gen. Foch, which are on the line that bars the road to Paris and Amiens, the regiment to which I am attached is holding and helping the Franco-British forces north of us to withstand the latest and most furious assaults in the valleys of the Somme, Luce and near Ypres.

Over our heads a continuous stream of shells of all calibres is hurling its way into the enemy's lines, and the Germans are replying in kind, though with considerably less intensity. Our artillery's shots average ten to the enemy's one. The fury of our fire is turning villages behind the enemy lines into dustheaps.

While it is well within the battle zone, the sector we occupy for the time being, at least, is a comparatively inactive part of the Noyon-Ypres line. There have been no infantry encounters between the Germans and our troops thus far, but the massing of batteries reported opposite our front indicates a likelihood of more strenuous fighting in the none too distant future.

Meanwhile, there is evidence that our guns have inflicted heavy losses on the enemy infantry. At least one village has been rendered untenable. During the four days the American seventy-fives and their heavier brethren have been on the job, it has been on fire more than once, and even its deepest cellars, organized as little machine gun forts by the Germans have been crushed under an avalanche of French and American high explosives.

Saturday night I visited the first line positions of a battalion of our regiment, which, during the night of April ——, began the work of relieving the French units previously installed there. There was neither a complete trench system, nor were there any communicating trenches. From the battalion commander's post of command—a hole carved out of the side of a quarry—one walks over a meadowland pitted with shell craters straight to the firing line.

Our positions at this point are on the edge of a bare plateau sloping downward to a ravine on the other side of which, some 400 yards away, are the Germans. Their defensive system includes the demolished village mentioned above. The chateau and a little group of houses composing the village are on slightly higher ground than we hold, and to reach them our men have to cross the ravine, exposed to frontal and enfilading fire from the German artillery and machine guns.

Following the retirement of the 5th British army and the interval of chaos consequent upon it, the Germans, advancing westward, were able to send their cavalry patrols into villages miles behind our present front. French reserves, starting to fight as soon as they got off the trains that had brought them, flung the enemy back. Eventually he again advanced to the line he now holds and set to work to solidify and stabilize his defenses.

It is this consolidation process, the successful achievement of which would enable Gen. Lunendorff to draw upon this part of the line for fresh divisions to throw into the strife further north, that we must prevent. Our infantry as well as our artillery must be constantly on the alert to prevent the Germans from intrenching too solidly, and at the same time we must improve our own defensive system.

Bit by bit the elements of so-called trenches—mere shallow ditches like those dug in New York's streets for laying gaspipes—are being developed. All night long every doughboy not on sentry duty or patrol duty digs and digs, pausing only to snatch a bit of lukewarm water, or to gulp down some tepid coffee brought him by carrying parties from miles in the rear.

All day long he lies in the mud at the bottom of his open trench trying to sleep and wondering whether the next Krupp shell is going to get him. Casualties are inevitable, as the chalk into which the trenches must be dug shows up like snow against the green and brown meadows, and camouflage is impossible, hence the German gunners know exactly what to aim at.

In the daytime there is no communication whatever, even between platoons of the same company. Runners carrying messages between company and battalion commanders must traverse open ground in full view of the enemy a half-mile off, and are thus exposed to rifle and machine gun fusillades, as well as to the inevitable shell fire.

Transportation of food, water and ammunition is a tremendous task. Men carrying the big French marmite cans containing a stew the doughboys call "Slum" are always being shelled. At one place they must go through a wood. We got through this wood Saturday night just in time. Behind us burst a veritable torrent of shrapnel and high explosives. Trees trembled beneath the violence of it.

This bombardment went on for hours, never slackening in its thunderous frenzy, and under it all our soldiers somehow stumbled along, bringing up the rations and cartridges that mean life to their comrades out in the firing line. The Germans are forever illuminating the landscape with star shells, so that one's progress across the plateau is a series of ups and downs, for the only way to escape being seen and fired upon is to drop flat on the muddy ground.

Our troops have never known anything like this before. In their sector elsewhere there were solid trenches, communication trenches and dugouts all over the place. Food was plentiful and arrived regularly. There were shells and gas, of course, but not one-tenth of what there is here. Yet out there Saturday night I found our boys in high spirits, taking hardships and dangers alike with a broad grin and looking forward to the day when it will be our turn.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Record of Current Happenings Collected from Various Sources.

Mrs. Eliza Erdman,, aged 100 years, died at Zion Hill, Pa., Saturday night.

Baron Goto has been appointed to the office of foreign minister of Japan.

The American ship, Westerly, launched on the Pacific coast in February, was sunk off the coast of France, Sunday, following a collision.

The navy department on Tuesday announced that three members of the crew of the steamer Chincha were killed March 21, in a battle with a submarine.

The British steamer Oronsa, carrying a large party of Y. M. C. A. workers, was torpedoed off the English coast Sunday. Only three of the 265 persons on board were lost.

The White Guards, or Finnish government forces, are reported to have annihilated about 6,000 Red Guard or Bolsheviki troops at Vibrog, Russia, last Monday.

Pending agreement on a new wage scale to be submitted before July 1st, employes of paper mills throughout the country, called off a proposed strike that was to have become effective on Wednesday last.

The legal sale of liquor in the state of New Hampshire ceased Tuesday night. The legislature last year passed a law putting the state under prohibition, effective Tuesday, April 30, 1918.

President Wilson has purchased twelve thoroughbred Shropshire sheep and will put them to grazing on the White House lawns to keep the grass down instead of cutting the grass and letting it go to waste.

The war department this week let contracts for 3,500,000 pairs of metallic fastened field shoes at an average price of approximately $7.75 per pair, and for 2,000,000 pairs of field welt shoes at an average price of $6.50.

President Wilson has appointed the following directors of the war finance corporation: Wm. P. G. Harding of Alabama, Allen B. Forbes of New York, Eugene Meyer, Jr., of New York and Augus W. McLean of North Carolina.

Zenophon P. Wilfley, a well known Democrat of Missouri, has accepted the seat in the United States senate made vacant by the death of Senator Stone. Mr. Wilfley is the fourth man to whom Governor Gardiner has offered the honor.

U-Boats That Will Cruise Ten Thousand Miles.—Germany according to a Washington dispatch has completed the construction of six super-submarines of 1,500 to 1,800 tons capacity, with a cruising radius of 10,000 miles, and six more are being rushed toward completion, according to information received here through official channels.

It is surmised they are for use in the Atlantic trade routes most distant from German home bases, as smaller craft are more advantageously employed in European waters. The Pacific and Indian oceans are considered too remote, and therefore it is assumed that Germany plans to despatch the largest underwater craft to American waters, or to use them in attacks in the mid-Atlantic.

Germany has designed the newer sumbarines, it was said, to be superior to destroyers. It is believed the Allied and American navies have taken measures to anticipate the advent of the giant U-boats. It was stated that the Allied admiralties have known for more than three months of the construction of these super-submarines, which, it is believed, follow on general lines the great commercial U-boats which were despatched across the Atlantic before the United States entered the war and which, it was said, were constructed by private German interests.

What Business Men Can Do.—1. Don't waste men. If you employ two men to keep one at this crisis, this is an anti-American act.

2. Conserve men. Go further than eliminating waste and see that the safely, sanitation, and housing of your men is keeping them fit during the war.

3. Every man or woman who does not speak English should be learning it. Insist upon their learning it in school or in your shop and designate one of your employees to see that it gets done.

4. Urge the public educational authorities to start language classes in the factory for those who do not understand English, and are unable to attend school. Efficiency increases with knowledge of English and citizenship. Give it recognition by increased wages and promotion.

5. Stop anti-American propaganda and agitation the instant it raises its head in your plant by providing information and co-operation on true Americanism.

6. Invite naturalization officers to explain citizenship to your aliens and encourage them to make America their home. Give them time off with pay to attend to their naturalization examinations.

7. Develop incentives through wages, hours, bonuses, insurance pensions, safety, profit sharing and co-operative management. The employer who keeps his men at work contentedly today is America's most practical patriot.—Exchange.

BRAVE STEPHEN DECATUR

Famous Soldier Who Made History.

CLEANED OUT TRIPOLITAN PIRATES

A Name that Won Fame in the Early Days of the American Navy, and Which is Still Held in High Honor in the Records of His Country.

(Issued by the Navy League of the United States, 1201—16th street, Washington, D. C.)

"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

This toast, given in Norfolk, Va., in April, 1815, by Stephen Decatur, was the keynote of an ideal that made him one of the most famed characters in naval history. Decatur's career was filled to overflowing with remarkable deeds that rang loud with bravery, an absolute disregard of personal safety and a cleverness and ingenuity that invariably resulted in notable victories.

Decatur was born in 1779 and entered the navy as a midshipman in 1798. Five years later he began a career that made the young officer a permanent place in the front rank of history.

Ordered to the Mediterranean to join Commodore Preble's squadron, Decatur took command as a lieutenant of the Enterprise and proceeded to Syracuse. There he learned that the frigate Philadelphia, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, had run ashore in the harbor of Tripoli and had been captured by the Tripolitans.

Commodore Preble determined to destroy the Philadelphia as she lay at anchor, having been refloated by the Tripolitans. Lieutenant Decatur volunteered his services to command this daring expedition. He disguised the Intrepid, which he had captured from the enemy, and accompanied by the Siren, Lieutenant Charles Stewart as a support and to cover his retreat, made the venture with a volunteer crew of seventy men.

The Philadelphia was protected by the guns of the pasha's castle, by the neighboring forts, and was surrounded by all the gunboats of the enemy's flotilla. The Philadelphia was a frigate of 44 guns, but her armament had been destroyed by Captain Bainbridge before her capture.

In the little Intrepid, which mounted only four guns, Decatur, with his crew disguised with Maltese caps, crept into the dark harbor. They passed the battery, gained the side of the Philadelphia, and in the language of the Tripolitans asked the officer of the captured ship for permission to run ashore to the frigate, as they had lost their anchors in the storm.

Decatur quickly ordered a boat manned to carry the hawser to the frigate. A boat from the Philadelphia was sent out to help them, and soon, brought the Intrepid alongside the Philadelphia. Suddenly they were discovered and a cry went up "Americanos."

Decatur's order "Board" rang out and with Lieutenant Morris leaped upon the deck of the Philadelphia. The crew, each armed with cutlass and pistol, followed and the Tripolitan crew, panic stricken, leaped overboard.

Within a few minutes the Philadelphia was a blaze of fire. Decatur was the last to leave the frigate and swung from the rail into the rigging of the Intrepid as she veered off to escape. The shore batteries and gunboats opened fire, but only one shot struck the ship. No lives were lost and only four men were wounded.

Lord Nelson, then commanding the English fleet off Toulon, declared the exploit as "the most bold and daring act of the age."

For this gallant achievement, Decatur was made post-captain, and in the attack on Tripoli in the spring of 1805 was given command of one division made up of gunboats loaned by the king of Naples.

As Decatur led his division under the fire of the batteries, Commodore Preble, fearing he could not stand such fire, attempted to order him to withdraw, but found no signal for that order in the code. Therefore, Decatur continued to meet the enemy gunboats. He recaptured his first adversary with but little fighting, and was about to carry off his prize when he learned that his brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, had been killed treacherously by the captain of a boat who, after, striking his flag to the American, shot his captor as he stepped aboard his prize.

Captain Decatur, finding that the cowardly Turk had escaped with his gunboat, pushed farther within the enemy's lines and reached the vessel at the head of eleven Americans, all of the crew he had left after manning his prize. For twenty minutes the contest was doubtful, and all of the Americans were by now severely wounded. Decatur ordered the captain left for him. The Turk was armed with an espontoon, Decatur with a cutlass, and in attempting to cut off the head of his antagonist's weapon, his sword was broken off close to the hilt.

As the Turk closed on him, Decatur slightly wounded on the arm and breast, grappled with him and they fell to the deck, Decatur on top. As the Turk drew a dagger Decatur shot him dead. In the meantime the crews, coming to the assistance of their commanders, engaged in a death struggle and when Decatur attempted to rise he found himself pinned down by the dead sailors.

One of the enemy crew, seeing an opening in the fighting mass, raised his sword to cleave the skull of the American officer. As the sword swept downward another head was shoved in its course, and Decatur, having time to use a pistol clear, shot the Tripolitan.

The hero that interposed his own head to save the life of Decatur was Reuben James, a red-headed, freckle-faced youngster who had been with Decatur in the destruction of the Philadelphia, and who loved his commander with a sort of slavelike devotion. In the fighting with the crew of the ship commanded by the treacher-

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